

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Two PORTERS,

Upon Dr. O---s's removing from *White-hall* into the City.

ROBIN and NICK.

R. **H**OW now, Nick, art thou there? Art thou to be my Partner in removing the Doctor's matters and businell'es.

N. *So it seems, Robin; He sent one of his Life-Guard for me to day, before I could get out of Bed.*

R. Ay, thou maist see what it is to lie lazing so long in Bed in a morning; for if thou hadst come but never so little sooner, thou might'st have had thy mornings drink here on Free-cost.

N. *Prithee how so?*

R. Why, Sir, I went yonder to the next Shop, to fetch this Cord, to cord that Box of — God knows what; and when the Master of the Shop ask'd mee who it was for, and I said for Dr. O——, *God's a-mercy for that, honest Porter, (says he;) Is it come to that? Here take the Money again; present my Service to the Doctor, and tell him, He shall never want for a Cord, as long as I have one in the Shop.*

N. *And prithee what said the Doctor to that?*

R. Why, you Coxcomb, I never told him a word on't; but went directly to *W'il's* and he and I drank the Shilling that was to pay for't.

N. *That Shop-keeper was some Rogue of a Tory, I'll lay my Life on't; But prithee what do people say concerning the Doctor's removing?*

R. Why faith, to tell thee the truth, so many men so many minds, I think; Some say this, and some say that; but God knows who's i'th' right on't. Some say the Air at *White-hall* does not agree with him; and the Physicians think it is because he was never brought up in't.

N. *That may very well be; for ever since he has been there (some curious Observers say) he has been declining; especially since his last Journey to Oxford, where 'tis fear'd he did himself no good.*

R. There are some that think he remov'd that he might be a little nearer *Richard's Coffee-House*, or that he might with less time and trouble visit my Lord S——, and my Lord H——; and if by chance it should come to his own fortune to be sent to the Tower too, he would be so far on his way.

N. *Alas! Alas! Robin, dost thou think it will ever come to that? Were it not a sad thing, think'st thou, that the Goose which sav'd the Capitol should be first fed fat, and then roasted?*

R. Ay, why should she not, if she had no more wit but to be catch'd in the Corn afterwards? But there are others, I must tell you, that attribute it to his natural inclination and disposition to change; Others, that think it was because there was more need of Counsel in the City than at Court; and that his words would have more weight among the Petitioning-Apprentices than among the Peers of the Kingdom.

N. *Why truly, I confess such a man as he is extremely wanted in the City, to compose their heats, and make a mutual right understanding among His Majesty's Loyal-Apprentice-Subjects and the Tory-Party; for they never stood in more need of a Tutor.*

R. There

R. There are others yet believe it was none of his own voluntary act; but that the Higher Powers, considering the continual Complaints against Favourites and Pensioners, e'en took away his Salary, and shew'd him the Gate, to please the people.

N. I like that last key to the story very well; for though (as you know my Principles) I love Dr. O——, yet I have he should be a Pensioner.

R. Some tell us, that at White-hall there was such a continual noise and do, that he had scarce the quiet and leasure to make a Sermon that had neither Non-sence or somewhat worse in it; and that was so much taken notice of, that Care's Lying Rogue (that ill-natured Observator) could not forbear speaking of it.

N. Now you talk of the Observator; what do you think he'll say of this? And then those Mad Fellow there, what do ye call 'em, Racitus and Ridens, that lay their Heads together (folk say) to make Sport, what work shall we have with them this Week? But I hope the Rogues will Laugh themselves into a Fit of the Spleen, and die like those men that Sawcy Jack the Seaman us'd to Talk of, that were Bitten by the Tarantula's; or else the Brethren shall never have one quiet Hour this nine Weeks to come.

R. But what wouldst thou say now if all these Conjecturs fall short of a real Truth, and the Doctors Deserts; for I'll assure thee I saw some Brave Gentlemen Whisper, and Point at him as he went out, but God knows what they said: And who can tell but they may be mistaken too? For the Doctors whole Life has been a Riddle, and almost as fatal as the Riddle of *Sphinxibus*, that our Parson was talking of last Sunday but one; for I'll assure you it has cost some Heads as well as that did.

N. Peace man, for fear of being Over-heard; for without doubt these are not Matters for Porters handling: All that I am thinking is this, that if the Poor Doctor should have no better Luck among the Citizens then he has had among the Courtiers, he may e'en retreat and march off, but God knows whither; except it be to Geneva, for (the more pity) he has already banisht himself out of the greatest part of Christendom.

R. Come, come, I would advise him to Troop off, and make no noise; for I do not believe, that though he should stay here as long as the Sun and Moon, he could ever recover some mens good Opinion.

N. Some mens good Opinion sayest thou; What needs he care for some mens good Opinion? As long as he stands fair with the City and the Godly Party, no matter what all the world besides says.

R. I am not altogether of that perswasion; for both the City and the Godly Party are but uncertain Friends, (as you know who found them) when they come to the test; and run away from the miserable, as men do from the Plague, or as Rats they say do from a falling House.

N. Who dost thou think then shall maintain the Doctor? For the man must not starve.

R. Must not starve, (quoth he,) but he must, except he can get Victuals; and (to tell you plainly) I cannot see whence it should come. The Papists are very charitable people, but they have done their parts to him already they say. The Phanaticks are not certain (as one said in another case) that he is theirs. And the Church of England utterly disclaims him, for abusing his Mother, and calling her names. I was somewhere t'other day, where two or three Gentlemen were talking of the Doctor; and one that sate by told them he thought the Doctor was a good Son of the Church; He a Son of the Church, (says another) be a Son of a — Weaver; and then they fell all a laughing.

N. So then, it seems you think there's no other way for him, but to be gone; But is it not as good for him to stay here and starve, (like Jane Shore) as cross the Sea (like Woodcocks) only to be knock'd o'th' head. For my part, if I were in his case, I should e'en tie the fatal knot my self, and desie my Fate.

R. Bravely spoken indeed, but that's the way to go directly to the Devil (God bless us.) Now I am so much a well-wither to the Doctor, that I had rather see him live to repent, and then with a great deal of satisfaction, both to himself and every body else, die like a good Christian, by his hands that preferr'd Coleman, and Sainted the Jesuits.

N. Thou art a bitter Fellow, and methinks much fitter for a Porter than a Judge; and therefore prithee list there, and let's be gone.